*Hast.* So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.
*Ri.* And I as I loue *Hastings* with my heart.
*Kin.* Maddam, your selfe is not exempt in this,
Nor your sonne *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, nor you,
You haue bene factious one against the other:
Wife, loue Lord *Hastings*, let him kisse your hand,
And what you doe, do it vnfainedly.
*Qu.* Heere *Hastings*, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, so thriue I and mine.
*Dor.* Thus enterchange of loue, I here protest,
Vpon my part shall be vnuiolable.
*Ha.* And so I sweare my Lord.
*Kin.* Now princely *Buckingham* seale vp this league,
With thy embracement to my wiues allies,
And make me hapy in his vnity.
*Buc.* When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish mee
With hate, in those where I expect most loue,
When I haue most neede to imploy a friend.
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me: This doe I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
*Kin.* A pleasing cordiall princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy vow vnto my sickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother *Gloucester* here,
to make the perfect period of this peace.

*Enter Gloucester.*

*Buc.* And in good time heere comes the noble Duke,
*Glo.* Good morrow to my soueraigne King and Queene,
And princely peares, a happy time of day.
*Kin.* Happy indeede as wee haue spent the day,
Brother wee haue done deeds of charity:
Made peace of emnity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong inscensed peeres.
*Glo.* A blessed labour most soueraigne liege,
Amongst this princely heape, if any here
By false inteligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold



Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in
Haue thought committed that is har
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peac
Tis death to mee to be at emnity.
I hate it and desire all good mens lo
First Maddam I intreat peace of you
Which I purchace with my dutious
Of you my noble cousen *Buckingha*
If euer any grudge were lod'gd betw
Of you my Lord *Riuers*, and Lord
That a'll without desert haue fround
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentilemen, in
I do not know that Englishman aliu
With whome my soule is any iotte
More then the infant that is borne t
I thanke my God for my humility,
*Qu.* A holy day shall this be kept
I would to God all strife were well
My soueraigne leige I do beseech yo
To take our brother *Clarence*, to y
*Glo.* Why Maddam, haue I offer
To be thus scornd in this royall pre
Who knowes not that the noble Duk
You doe him iniury to scorne his co
*Ri.* Who knowes not he is dea
*Qu.* All seeing heauen, what a w
*Buc.* Looke I so pale Lord *Dors*
*Dor.* I my good Lord and noone
But his red colour hath forsooke his
*Kin.* Is *Clarence* dead? the order w
*Glo.* But He poore soule by our fir
And that a winged Mercury did be
Some tardy cripple bore the couuterm
That came too lagge to see him bur
God graunt that some lesse noble an
Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not
Deserue not worse then wretched *Cl*
And yet goe currant from suspition.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.52)